HUDIBRAS. 2.

THE Third and Last PART.

Written by the AUTHOR OF THE FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt Part.

The ARGUMENT of the Firſt *CANTO* of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Ladies Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a Maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Money* too:
For then he's Brave and Reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit,

H'as all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble.
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their Paſſions.
Some forge their *Miſtreſſes* of *Stars* :
And when the Ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Then by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to croſs their *wooing* ;
When only by themſelves they're hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her Kindred* :
And ſtill the harſher and hide-bounder
The Damſels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle *Bride* ?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed ?

Leap'd

Leapt headlong int' *Elizium*,
Through the Windows of a *dazling Room*?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his *Amours*,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No ſooner was the bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.

But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a Conquerour, to meddle
With *Petty Conſtable*, or *Beadle*;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hoſteſs*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Juſtice*:
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cauſe
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot Irons have paſt *bare-handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verſe*
I'th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a ſhame the *Devil might owe him*,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Goal*,
To anſwer, with his Veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befall.
He thought it now the fitteſt juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;

T' ac-

T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o're the *fierce Magician*;
Deſcribe the Manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,
The number of the Blows and Weight:
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h'had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul, to ſwear;
But, rather then produce his Back,
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack:
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his embraces.

Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when there Bones were drubb'd ſo ſore
They durſt not *wooe one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spaniſh Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That Widow's greateſt Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *Late Orders* to obey;

Who

Who ſent him for a *ſtrong Detachment*
Of *Beadles*, *Conſtables*, and *Watchmen*,
T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falſely on his Lumber,
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions feather'd:
And when they ſhould, at *Goal-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be *acceſſary*:
But rather wiſely ſlip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,

To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the *Riding Diſpenſation.*
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Juſtice*, and an *unpack'd Jury.*
The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h'had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt Reſolution,
To ſwear her to an *Execution*:
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her.
And bribe the Devil himſelf to carry her,
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to repreſent,

Who

Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other *Coſin-German Saint*.
But e'r the *Knight* could do his part,
The *Squire* had got ſo much the ſtart,
H'had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to ſtale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her;
And now began t' approach the Door:
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of ſight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring *after Longees*,
Of *humble* and *ſubmiſſive Congees*,

And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid:
Madam, *I do, as is my Duty,*
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions *leſs profound.*

Madam,

Madam, quoth he, *I come to prove*
How much I've ſuffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for thoſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
Quoth ſhe, *I do remember once*
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your ſelf, not me, to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
Y' are honeſter then I could gueſs.
Quoth he, *If you ſuſpect my troth,*
I cannot prove it but by Oath;

And

And, if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
Quoth ſhe, *Some ſay, the Soul's ſecure*
Againſt Diſtreſs and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For moſt Men carry things ſo even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Parols.

For that, quoth he, *'tis rational,*
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourſe
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every-where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage paſt.
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and Falſe:
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, *What is it you would Swear?*
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are underſtood, all Tales
(*Like Nonſenſe*) *are not True, nor Falſe.*
Quoth he, *When I reſolv'd t' obey*
What you commanded th' other day,

And to perform my Exerciſe,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to doe't upon the Place.
But as the Caſtle is inchanted
By Sidrophel *the Witch, and haunted*
With Evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable Noiſe
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd afar off, Diſpatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That ſhall deveſt thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin.
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadſt ſo great a Prize at Stake:

Which

Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte.
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was leſs
Then th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh and Bloud,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſt Contemplative Bardaſhing.
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,

I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his Caliban,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſt I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Helliſh Rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel:
Who now transform'd himſelf t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſt on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him: but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him, but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.

But

But bravely ſcorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir,
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe Caprich:
Who ſends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
Kill Pigs and Geeſe with poudred Glaß,
And make it for Inchantments paß;
With Cow-itch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;

Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaſtical Advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon;
Believe Mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in Potoſi;
And ſillier then the Antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Univerſal Cures;
With Figures ground on Panes of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of Coyn increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,

Which

Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment
The *wretched Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt addreſſes:
Their Horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, *For many Years he drove*
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Truſt
Of feeble Speculative Luſt;
Procurer to th' Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.

By thoſe the Devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent moſt Adroit
For any Myſtical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get,
For thoſe that do his buſineſs beſt,
In Hell are us'd the raggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a Perſon
Could get a Grant, but in Reverſion,
He ſerv'd two Prentiſhips and longer
I' th' Myſt'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as ſome write) A Witch's Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes

Becomes a Puiny-Imp it ſelf,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which he has plaid a thouſand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more then Witches,
Or Pharaoh's *Wizards could their Switches;*
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous Figures too.
Witneſs myſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Peaſe,
He crams in naſty Creviſes,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me reliſh for Diſſerts,

And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candid Provender.
Beſide-----But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear:
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) *be true,*
(*Th' are all* (quoth he) *I ſwear by you:*)
Why then (ſaid ſhe) *that* Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a Lapland *Hag,*
In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (*I'm ſure*) *at moſt;*
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd, that you came to him to know,
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,

I' in-

T' ingage the Devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (*like* Proſerpine) *your Bride.*
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him, like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſperate Wound:
Swore you had broke and robb'd his Houſe,
And ſtole his Taliſmanique Louſe,
And all his New-found Old Inventions,
With flat Felonious Intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and paid;
His Flea, his Morpion, and Puneſe,
H' had gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ableſt Artiſts of the Trade;

Which

Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And all together might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the Maleſactors Errant,
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horſe's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Vertuoſo's ſay,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beſides he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That e're he went in Queſt of you,
He ſet a Figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye *or* Dover;
And found it clear, that to betray
Your ſelves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere here about.

He

He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that past before and ſince:
And found, that e're you came to him,
T' had been ingaging Life and Lim
About a Caſe of tender Conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe;
Till Ralpho, *by his Light and Grace,*
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him by main force,
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours,
But that he ſtood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd:
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white.

(*As Men of Inward Light are wont*
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Caſt tow'rds the Door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and ſpoke.
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle Circumſtance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down
This Veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
Theſe Reliques of your conſtant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth ſhe,
(*I thank you*) *for your ſelf and me;*
And ſhewn your Presbyterian *Wits*
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits.

A moſt

A moſt compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe,
Why then (quoth he) *may Hell ſurprize.*
That trick (ſaid ſhe) *will not paſs twice:*
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove then downright Swearing;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are viſible as yet
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the Action.
And if you can produce thoſe Knobs,
Although th' are but the Witch's Drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your natural Self had don't.
Provided that they paſs th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,

Who, us'd to judge all matt'r of Facts
For Bellies, may do ſo for Backs.

Madam, (quoth he) *your Love's a Million,*
To do is leſs then to be willing,
As I am, were it in my pow'r,
T' obey what you command, and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in thoſe that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth ſhe) *my Goods and Chattels*
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your

Your plighted Faith (quoth he) *and Word*
You paſt in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treaſon, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, *There are no Bargains driv'n*
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven:
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe.
Their bus'neſs there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be againſt its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it ſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,

Diſdains

Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like Roman *Gaolers, when they ſlept,*
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'ſt Lover
Gives beſt ſecurity, to ſuffer.

Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade,
(For what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)

That

That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
And all the reſt of bett'r or worſe
Both are but Loſers out of Purſe.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e're was driven,
Or Wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants e're th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got by Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:

For which she's fortify'd no leſs
Then all the Iſland, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Inſolence and Pow'r;
And make him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched then an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to juſtifie,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were thoſe obedient
Old Vaſſals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldeſt hand
In Foul Play, by the Laws o'th' Land;
For which ſo many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.

A Law

A Law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles *to* Joans of Nokes,
Without diſtinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Conſideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverſe
Of Judgment paſt for better or worſe;
Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horſes
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing elſe but Rem *in* Re.
Can ſet the proudeſt Wretches free;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply:
So Men are by themſelves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,

And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'ld break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves by Art.
Like Indian-*Widows, gone to Bed*
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as a Pythagorean *Soul*
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'r ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in Greenland *does the touch;*
Melts in the Furnace of deſire.
Like Glaß, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by Miß, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geeſe they carry:

And e're they venture on a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence witty'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt Gooſe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on tick t' Amours,
The Croſe and Pile for Bett'r or Worſe:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French *and faſhionable.*
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip *and* Mary *on a Shilling,*
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Then Poets make 'em in Romances,

Though,

Though, when their Heroes 'ſpouſe the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Caterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous Piques:
Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' Yellow Manto's of the Bride,
For Jealouſie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out,
For though Chineſes *go to Bed,*
And lie In in their Ladies ſtead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:
Our Green-men *do it worſe, when th' hap*
To fall in labour of a Clap;

Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the French *Goods.*
But Health and Sickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worſhip only when th' are ſound;
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o're with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undreſſes
Her Complaiſance and Gentileſſes;
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' eaſie owner.
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding.
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volley of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong,
When only arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into Rams *and* Goats,
Like Sirens *with their charming Notes,*

Sweet

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's *Serenade,*
Or thoſe inchanting Murmurs made
By th' Husband Mandrake *and the Wife,*
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.

Quoth he, *Theſe Reaſons are but Strains*
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, then think.
Man was not Man in Paradiſe,
Until he was Created twice,
And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up Paps appears,

His Body, that ſtupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female ſide
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joyn'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.

Our

Our Nobleſt Senſes act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd.
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' Æquinoctial, fit;
And ſo are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that ſhe uſes,
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what ſecures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children, and a Wife;

That

That lie, like Hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all Men undertake?
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born, and breath, to marry;
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or Veſtal Friers, *and Cloiſter'd* Nuns,
Or Stoicks, *who, to bar the Freaks*
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſterouſly would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find ſuch mortal Fewds
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Then th' are ſupply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts doe, of their Native Growths:

For

For ſimple wearing of their Horns,
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o'th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Eſtates of Peers
Could be preſerv'd but by their Heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greateſt Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt Intereſts of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guarranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to diſarm,

Make

Make Bloud and Deſolation ceaſe,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Conteſts for Forrage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Leſs for the Intereſts of the Bride;
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Then Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The vertuous Matron, and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of chaſt Diana's *Train,*
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's-*lane;*
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Beſides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sexes Paradiſe on Earth;

A Priviledge ſo Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather then not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater freedom to the Spouſe;
The reaſon is, becauſe the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life;
Is truſted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a ſtreight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it ſave her, the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray.
Unleſs both Parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,

That is no more then every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather, (ſometime) ſerves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the Poſt;
Yet when th' are at their Race's ends,
Th' are ſtill as kind and conſtant Friends,
And to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When thoſe wh' are always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire, or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt Clamours more,
Then as th' are reliſh'd, Sweet, or Sour:

Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtollen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers:
Too ſlight Alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And paſſes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Regiſtred above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe.

And

And what Security's too ſtrong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to paſs
It ſelf away, and all it has;
And like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant (quoth ſhe) *there are ſome few*
Who take that courſe, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the ſame does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but ſhot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events
Then Gameſters, when they play at Set
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight-unſeen.

For what do Lovers, when th' are faſt
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking Children are by Elves?
And if they uſe their Perſons ſo,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Exſtaſies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods—but ſpoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.

Our

Our Money's now become the Miſs,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forſaken, and Poſt-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd.
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet
By being born to Lordſhips get?
When the more Lady ſh' is of Manners,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To uſe her as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace,
To be their Cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vaſſals.

So ſhe, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her ſelf, and all ſh' inherits
Is bought and ſold, like ſtollen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds:
Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the Thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting Fruits
Of all your paſſionate Love-ſuits,
Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-ſick Raptures for fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Addreſs and Courtſhip,
And with your Bodies ſtrive to Worſhip,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's ſake.
For theſe, you play at Purpoſes,
And love your Loves with A's and B's;
For theſe, at Beaſt and L'hombre wooe,
And play for Love and Money too;

Strive

Strive who ſhall be the ableſt Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the moſt gentilely bred
At ſucking of a Vizard Bead,
How beſt t' accoſt us in all Quarters
T' our queſtion-and-command New Garters,
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of Dreſſes Pro *and* Con.
For there's no Myſtery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Then Michaelmas *and* Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and reſtleſs Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd paſt Amours;
Act o're your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins;

For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Execution ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire Facias;
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all our true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;

Who

Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haſt with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.

His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage, Sir Knight,*
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs 'gainſt Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail:
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſperat'ſt Attacks.

At

At this the Knight grew reſolute
As *Ironſide*, or *Hardiknute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.
But ſhe beſought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door,
That if the Enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd againſt the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renagado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady, for a freſh Reſerve.

His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh'had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t'obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all h'encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Then ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd:*
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable,
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;

With

With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanſi'd th'Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences.
Which Vulgars out of ignorance
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance:
But thoſe that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And ſtorm'd the Out-works of his Fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring onely but to thruſt
His Head a Span beyond his Poſt,

B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears:
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they had ſcorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:
They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a *Man is paſt his Sence*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twindging him by th' *Ears* or *Noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck a ſturdy Elf

Clapp'd

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lies,
The Brethrens Priviledge, (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Careaſs ſent
For juſt Revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion.
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony——?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches:

That

That in return would pay th' expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conſcience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? ſpeak true.
No more (quoth he) *then I love you.*
How wouldſt th' have us'd her, and her Money?
Firſt, turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, of purpoſe, in the Deed;
And bar her Widdow's-making-over
T' a Friend in Truſt, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out,
T' imploy their Sorceries about?
That which make Gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt Wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy Veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thy ſelf to us?

I ſee

I ſee you take me for an Aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would paſs
Upon a Woman well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof;
Whoſe Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they doe
That ſtand for Candidates, and wooe,
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful Lies,
Of Bears and Witches in Diſguiſe?
That is no more then Authors give
The Rabble credit to believe;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal Enemy of Sence.

Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin,
Hypocriſie, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unleſs th' imploy't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impowr'd to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out.
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near.
For no Sin elſe among the Saints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth

Quoth he, *I ſee you have more Tricks*
Then all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we muſt come to School to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, *If you will give me leave*
To tell you what I now perceive,
Youl'd find your ſelf an arrant Chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-Houſe.
'Tis true, quoth he, *we ne'r come there,*
Becauſe w' have let them out by th' Year.
Truly, quoth he, *you can't imagine*
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So you are like to be agen
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, *I am reſolv'd to be*
Thy Scholar in this Myſtery;

And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? ------A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains
And murther Godlineſs? ------Great Gains.
What's tender Conſcience? -----'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentleſt touch,
But breaking out, diſpatches more
Then th' Epidemical'ſt Plague-ſore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? -----To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Againſt a Conſcience? ----A good Living.
What makes Rebelling againſt Kings
A Good Old Cauſe? Adminiſtrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again? Two hundred more.

What

What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhould be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe.
For Saints can need no Conſcience
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onl', and not imputed.

But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, nor care to do,
What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sence?
'Tis to reſtore with more ſecurity
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews,
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with None.

It is enough (quoth he) *for once,*
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones:
Nick Machiavel *had ne'r a Trick,*
(*Though he gave's Name to our* Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' World for Holineſs.

This ſaid, the Furies and the Light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;

And

And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moiſt and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed and take her reſt.
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,

Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By fantring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worse on't yet,
As well in Conquest as Defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;

Believ'd

Believ'd it was ſome drolling Sprite
That ſtaid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen, and felt
The Drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort Pauſe and Grone,
The doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears ;
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks ;
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory :
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters Rallies.)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded ;
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more ſlovenly and courſe ;
Ingag'd with Friends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers ;

And when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thy ſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs Elf
Would fain ſteal me too from my ſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done:)
And now but venturing to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long ſince:
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is ſome Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand;
And now would paſs for *Spirit Po*,
And all mens dark Concerns foreknow.

I think

I think I need not fear him for't:
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart.
And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) *whom want of Grace*
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better then thou hast guest of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
You dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;

T' in-

T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And waſh 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry Jeſt you laugh aloud.
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) *y' are no ſuch Sophy*
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you deſign to weigh our Talents
I' th' Standard of your own falſe Balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us Ghoſts, as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your Drubs and Baſting,
And never left you in Conteſt
With Male or Female, Man or Beaſt,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all Adventures as your Squire.

Quoth

Quoth he, *That may be ſaid as true*
By th' idleſt Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worſe
Then thoſe Allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a Token
To your Low-Countrey Hogen Mogen,
To whoſe Infernal Shores I hope
He'l ſwing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) then he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected ſay of you,
Y' have 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *'tis true, I grant,*
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Then other Perj'ries do the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

And that's the Reaſon Cov'nanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I ſee, quoth *Hudibras, from whence*
Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's *Malice, and his Sects,*
Thoſe Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *that may as true*
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents doe
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But muſt have Armies rais'd, to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to ſave Souls.

While

While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'r a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to Deſign,
T' intice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your ſelves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horridſt Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Becauſe unleſs you help the Elf,
He can do little of himſelf:
And therefore where he's beſt Poſſeſt,
Acts moſt againſt his Intereſt;
Surprizes none but thoſe wh' have Prieſts
To turn him out, and Exorciſts,
Supply'd with Spiritual Proviſion,
And Magazines of Ammunition,

While

With

With Croſſes, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Roſaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But thoſe wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppoſe his Entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where all your Forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailours of the Aoles
And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathema's;
And never boggle to reſtore
The Members you deliver o're

Upon

Upon Demand, with fairer Juſtice
Then all your Covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls as ſome demiſe
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, *that intercourſe*
Has paſt between your Friends and ours;
That as you truſt us in our way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay,

We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a Saint behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, *and as I scorn*
To be ungrateful in return
Of all these kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.

The

The Cock crows, and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchanted Hero out,
And try'd with haſt to lift him up;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Greſham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge.
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall.
Where finding out the Poſtern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the Paſs,
Through which he dragg'd the worſted Soldiers
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Queſt,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beaſt,
Ty'd to a Pale inſteed of Rack,
But ne'r a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Piſtols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the Night to ſteal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.

And

And groping out for *Ralpho*'s Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſtraid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haſt,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break,
Or *Padders*, to ſecure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

The ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND *CANTO* Of the Third Part.

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts
About their Carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel *left them in a Storm:*
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Inſect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees*,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermine did at firſt proceed.

So,

So, e'r the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Perſian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cauſe*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe *Son* and *Husband* are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'reſt for their Common Good,
Could, when their Profits interfear'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:

Like Dogs that ſnarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none,
As by their trueſt Characters,
Their conſtant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebellion now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow ſlack;
The *Cauſe* and *Covenant* to leſſen,
And Providence to b' out of Seaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' King's Revenue and the Church's.
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'ſt for the Cauſe
To croſs the Cudgels to the Laws;
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd:
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd againſt the *Hue-and-Cry*.

For *Presbyter* and *Independent*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their Apoſtolick Functions
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael*'s Term had many a Trial,
Worſe then the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of Fees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs*.
For when, like Brethren and Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joint-Purchaces,
In which the Ableſt Saint and Beſt
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Money, and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtraight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,

And ſetled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and *'s Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſt upon his Conſcience,
By *Pre intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Eſtates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on;
And laid about as hot and brainſick
As th' *Utter Barriſter of Swanſwick*;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Then all unſanctifi'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I'th' Caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;

Or

Or both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Caſhier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To ſtrowl and teach from Town to Town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe Uſes ſerve agen
Againſt the New-inlightned men,
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the *Cavalier*;
Damn *Anabaptiſt* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popiſh* and *Prelatick*;
And with as little variation,
To ſerve for any Sect i' th' Nation.

The *Good Old Cauſe*, which ſome believe
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*
With Knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The World to Miſchief with New Light,
Had ſtore of Money in her Purſe,
When he took her for *bett'r or worſe*;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* (whoſe firſt ſtation
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Chriſtian* rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*)
No ſooner got the Start to lurch
Both Diſciplines, of *War* and *Church*,

And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War againſt
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' attack themſelves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home*,
Wh' had compaſt all they Praid, and Swore,
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the Spoils of all th' had ranſackt,

To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *Government*,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Aboliſh*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Souterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt;
And Hearded only in Conſults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,

Although

Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The Publick Buſineſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their *Adverſaries* and the *Devil*,

Began

Began once more to ſhew them Play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houſes,
T' appoint *New-riſing Rendezvouzes*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd:
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party ſtarted.
And, as if Nature too in haſte,
To furniſh our Supplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd Deſtruction
T' a new and numerous Production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their Room,
That, like the Chriſtian Faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt:
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *Sale*, nor *Confiſcation*,

Nor

Nor all the deſperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From ſtaking Life and Fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cauſe
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws;
And prov'd no proſp'rous Uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the Nation,
Until, in ſpight of Force and Treaſon,
They put their Loy'lty in Poſſeſſion;
And by their Conſtancy and Faith,
Deſtroy'd the Mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toſs'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;

And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miſcreants,
To Founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*:
Who, in a falſe erroneous Dream,
Miſtook the *New Jeruſalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
Falſe *Heaven* at the *End o' th' Hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to tranſlate.
So *Romulus* was ſeen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;
From whoſe Divine Illumination
He ſtole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*:
Who firſt laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant*;

And

And then ſunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horſeman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian Awe*
Of Juſtice, Government, and Law,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Goſpel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church's* Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:

For when they came to ſhape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging then th' Unſanctifi'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt and moſt crackt
Were found the buſieſt to Tranſact.
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And *make light work*, (the Proverb ſays)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intregues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.

Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King *Jeſus*: Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Deskorough*, and *Lambert*;

Some

Some for the *Rump*, and ſome, more crafty,
For *Agitators* and *the Safety*;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacrees
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That ſwore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*,
Yea though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Claſſes*,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloudy *Nimrods*:
Some for Fulfilling Propheſies,
And th' Extirpation of Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And ſome for finding out Expedients
Againſt the Slav'ry of Obedience.

Some were for *Goſpel-Miniſters*,
And ſome for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the *Pope*, and ſome the *Turk*:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The *Camiſado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward*;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, then *Goſpel-Light*.
Others were for Aboliſhing
That Tool of Matrimony, *a Ring*,
With which th' unſanctifi'd *Bridegroom*
Is marri'd only to a *Thumb*;
(As wiſe as Ringing of a Pig,
That uſes to break up ground and Dig;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-marriage ſtill.

Some

Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linſey-Woolſey* in the Nation;
And ſome againſt all Idolizing
The *Croſs* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Chriſtian* or *Surname* of Saint;
And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some 'gainſt a *Third Eſtate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for Aboliſhing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Bloud in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then*
The *Fleſh of Kings* and *mighty Men*;
And ſome for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;
For thraſhing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked ſore afeard of.
The Quacks of Government (who ſate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,
And underſtood, this wild Confuſion
Of fatal Madneſs and Deluſion
Muſt, ſooner then a Prodigie,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And ſave their Wind-pipes from the Law:
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worſe then all th' had 'ſcap'd in War:
And therefore met in Conſultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the ſickly Patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe then fumbling Arteries;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover----*Gain*.

'Mong

'Mong theſe there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads then a *Beaſt in Viſion*,
And more Intreagues in ev'ry one
Then all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both ſtrove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As buſie as a Child at Play.
H' had ſeen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and againſt 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'reſt with the new one;
Plaid true and faithful, though againſt
His Conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,

By

By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'r came too late:
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
In ſtead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſt upon a Government,
He play'd his trick and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The Publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; he ſpoil'd his Game,

Had

Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To ſhew his play at *Faſt and Looſe*;
And when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together moſt profound
At Deeds of Darkneſs under ground:
As th' Earth is eaſieſt undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all theſe Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foreſaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points
O' th' Compaſs in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,

And better then by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognoſticate,
And in their Conſciences feel pain
Some days before a Showr of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' *inſure his Throat*;
And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoke
What Courſes other Riskers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt

To match this Saint, there was another,
As buſie and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdaſher of Small wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* then *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, *his Will*,
That whatſoe'r it chanc'd to prove
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity *t' harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Then miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That right or wrong, he ne'r was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe,
And with its Everlaſting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.

No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to pickere,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controverſie*:
Not by the force of Carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanſwerable.
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak:
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Againſt the deſperat'ſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sence
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As Bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his Intereſt
Could lay his Devil of Conteſt.

It

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curſe*,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe for *bett'r or worſe*;
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen *Trapes*
Poſſeſt with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*,
The *Trojan Mare* in Fole with *Greeks*
Not half ſo full of *Jadiſh Tricks*,
Though Squeamiſh in her outward Woman,
As looſe and rampant as *Dol common*;
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill the skittiſher and looſer
Her Freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer.
For *Fools are ſtubborn in their way*;
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay*:
And Obſtinacy 's ne'r ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in Conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of State,
Then with his own impatience,
To give himſelf firſt Audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, *There's nothing makes me doubt*
Our laſt Out-goings brought about,
More then to ſee the Characters
Of real Jealouſies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead:
Who, 'cauſe the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden change of Weather,

Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, ſince our Workings-out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before?
And now would prove, the Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,---- (I mean, Margret's *Faſt)*
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd.

Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through,
And underſtand as well to tame,
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our Scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became ſtrong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts, and reform;)
When ruſty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Priviledges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to paſs the Grand Committee;

When

When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chaſe to Rochets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cauſe.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we know how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The Hollow-hearted Diſaffected,
And cloſe Malignant are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to ſecure our own,
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit, like ſtupid Block-heads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,

And nothing but our Tongue at large,
To get the Wretches a Diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, e'r the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand, or fall (at leaſt) together:
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To Partners in extream diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their Diſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt Defence, Diſpair;
Diſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtreights,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing courageouſly out-brav'd.
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd.
And ſo they might be now again,
If we were, what we ſhould be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt our ſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.

This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For Spiritual Men are too Tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet *in th' Air,*
Or St. Ignatius *at his Prayer,*
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Diſdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And ſince Obedience is better
(*The* Scripture *ſays*) *then Sacrifice,*
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtint
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd i' account or queſtion.

Inter-

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington *explain'd the Bells;*
And bid themſelves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem.
But look ſo big and over-grown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling Leſſons,
Their Tones and ſanctifi'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on thoſe that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inſpire themſelves with Short-hand Notes:
For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe,
Then Dogs and Cats do Sowgelders.
For who firſt bred them up to Pray,
And Teach, the Houſe of Commons way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phraſes,
But from our Calamies *and* Caſes?

Without whoſe ſprinkling and Sowing,
Who e'r had heard of Nye *or* Owen?
Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Biſield.
And had They not begun the War,
Th' had ne'r been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacriledge.
And though th' have Tricks to caſt their Sins,
As eaſie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the moſt Refin'd of Saints,
As naturally grow Miſcreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geeſe
In th' Iſlands of the Orcades.

Their

Their Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew, then ſenſe.
For as the Pope, *that keeps the Gate*
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in ſtate;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, *wears three Heads as well:*
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers ſtill, like other Goats.
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious ſewds.

For

For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to Tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profeſs
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek and ſneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-Bones:
And not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, *for want of* Guelfs,
Divert their Rage upon themſelves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of ſin;
But Saint and Saint, to ſpill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conſcience,
Or zealous ſuff'ring for the Cauſe,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applauſe:
For though endur'd with Reſolution,
Twill ne'r amount to Perſecution.

Shall

Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Fleſh of Brethren,
In ſtead of Kings and Mighty Men?
When Friends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bell's *at Union with the* Dragon,
And Baal-Peor *Friends with* Dagon,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Maſtiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints. whoſe Necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No Notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowſes and Ropes

Before

Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animoſities a while?
At leaſt until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprize
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings-out,
And know 'em both in Soul and Conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonſence,
As Spiritual Outlaws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'r reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denyals,
That rook'd upon us with deſign
To Out-reform and Undermine;

Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as Miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,

That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Veſſels, like a New.
Seal'd Peck or Buſhel, for b'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
Our inward Men and conſtant Frame
Of Spirit ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'r had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free-Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.

And

And yet for all this Goſpel-Union,
And outward ſhew of Church-Communion,
They'l ne'r admit us to our ſhares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But ſhar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had ſo painfully Preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though againſt the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For twas but Juſtice to Reſtore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Veſſels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about,

And

And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare
At leaſt in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be ſo or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And eaſier paſt upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is nat'rally averſe
To all the Truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows Nonſence and a Lie,
With greedineſs and gluttony;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when th' are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,

For Meats ridiculous, and fulſom,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholſom;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more, to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapſes make Diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt Acceſſes;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is eaſier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I'th' Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt War to create, than make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange, to carry't on;

Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w'are better vers'd?
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms, our discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Years of Blood:
That multipli'd by Six, *express'd*
The perfect Number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this Work about again:
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation:

For

For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have ſuch able Paſtors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with Abſolute Dominions,
O'r Brethrens Purſes and Opinions?
And truſted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes,
Who, when the Cauſe is in Diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be diſpos'd at their Commands:
And daily increaſe and multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe and Uſury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions,
And ſhare them from Blew Ribbands down,
To all Blew Aprons in the Town.

From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any ſide:
Has one conſiderabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenants to purchaſe,
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That paſs in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our ſelves, for Current Land,
And Riſe or Fall, like Indian *Actions,*
According to the Rate of Factions,
Our beſt Reſerve for Reformation,
When New Outgoings give occaſion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t'aſſert:
And when th'have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,

Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends:
That repreſent no part o'th' Nation,
But Fiſher's-Folly *Congregation:*
Are only Tools *to our Intrigues,*
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs:
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T'out-faſt, out-leiter, and out-ſit:
Can order matters under hand,
To put all Buſ'neſs to a ſtand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On Plato's *Tear; but finiſh none,*
Unleſs it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſt for Fundamental.

Can ſet up Grandee againſt Grandee,
To ſquander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Conſolation of our Hope:
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t'act their Parts.
Know what a Leading Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Caſting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share every one his Dividend.
An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt;

Unleſs

Unleſs our Ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things, by Hook or Crook:
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door;
Beſides the Herds of Bouteſeus,
We ſet on work, without the Houſe.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearſe.

Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th'other Parties like to ſay:
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help Pamphlets out, with ſafe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling, to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth.
Be ſure to keep up Congregations,
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations;

For

For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until th'are mounted in a Crowd:
And when th'are puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure:
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Are paid t'a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-holders-forth have made
In Powdring-Tubs, their richeſt Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangly riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt Regret
For all the Chriſtian Blood w'have let;
Twill ſave our Credit, and maintain
Our Title, to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one Dram of Senſe,
But Pertinacious Impudence:
Our Conſtancy t'our Principles,
In time, will wear out all things elſe;

For

Like

Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn and wind their Oaths
Have ſwell'd, and ſunk like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide, to ſide;
And as the Changelings liv'd they died.

This ſaid; the impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Picques,
Againſt th' Haranguers Politicks:
With ſmart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h'had miniſtred a Doſe
Of Snuff Mundungus, *to his Noſe;*
And powder'd th'inſide of his Skull,
Inſtead of th'outward Jobbernol;

He ſhook it, with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke.
In Dreſſing a Calf's Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near:
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch unſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but thoſe who ſwore
T'as Point blank Non-ſenſe heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Aſſaſſinate, to Aid:
Unleſs becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly, to all your Uſes.

Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is ſaid
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dreſt with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Slave,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Thoſe who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
I have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation:
B'us'd ſo unconſcionable hard,
As not to find a Juſt Reward.
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on fire,
To burn t'a Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And out the Throats of Church and State:

And

And not be allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Eſpecially, that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miſcarri'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled ſweat Second Hand.
As we have been, to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our Ignorance was flam'd,
To damn our ſelves, t'avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the ſelf-ſame Score:)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y'had loſt us at foul Play:

And

And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From pearching upon lofty Poles:
And reſcued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniouſly y'have ſhew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Thoſe were your Motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience and Remorſe.
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unvail'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and Falſe,

To charge us with the Conſequences
Of all your Native Inſolences.
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Goſpel Neck and Heels:
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T'amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to ſow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian Doctrine forth and Uſe:
As Mahomet *(your Chief) began*
To mix them in the Alchoran:
Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cuſhion:
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans:
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are ſaid to ſee the Wind:

Fill'd

Fill'd Bedlam *with* Predeſtination,
And Knights Bridge *with* Illumination:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody Bones *or* Lunsford.
While Women, Great with Child, miſcarri'd,
For being to Malignants marri'd:
Transform'd all Wives to Dalilahs,
Whoſe Huſbands were not for the Cauſe:
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
Becauſe they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the Saints adventures.

Could Tranſulſtantiate, Metamorphoſe,
And charm whole Herds of Beaſts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T'obey and follow your Commands:

And ſettle on a New Free-hold,
As Marcly-Hill *had done of Old.*
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could Catechiſe a Mony-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a Damon,
And Pythias, *the wicked* Mammon.

And yet, in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y'were able to caſt out:
T' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.

By whom you have been ſo oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Diſpenſations Worm'd,
Out-provident'd, and Out-reform'd,
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the Peoples Hate:
And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments;
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in our Places.
All which you bore, with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Perſecution;
And though, moſt Righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſt:
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,

Alas,

Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your Poſſe of the Rabble:
One ſingle Red Coat Sentinel
Out charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verſe:
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Diſpoſing of Out-goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One Farthings worth of Conſequence.

For, had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the means.

And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep your ſelves in pow'r,
T'advance the Intereſts of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'ld be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of Senſe,
And ſanctifi'd impertinence:
Your carrying buſineſs in a Huddle;
That forc'd our Rulers to New-Model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Brance, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
T'your Great Croyſado, *General.*

Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r;
That ſprung the Game you were to ſet,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your ſpight to ſee the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands.
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be ſprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town;
And no Courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants ſpreading Growths.
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true,
None bring him in ſo much as you:
Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and ſeal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own raſh Politicks.
And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;

Elſe Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the Jews,
From Phato, *and his Brick kills looſe:*
And Flies, and Mange, that ſet them free,
From Task-Maſters, and Slavery:
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit;
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation:
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were ſequeſtred int'other Hands?
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to reſtore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who croſt it, but your ſelves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But firſt o'th' firſt; The Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where Hinderſon, *and th'other Maſſes,*
Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes:

To paſs for Deep and Learned Scholars;
Although but Paltry, Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools
Had been a Courſing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Covenant; and the Cauſe, his Daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been ſpilt;
They did not mean, He wrought th' Effuſion
In Perſon, like Sir Pride, *or* Hughſon;
But only thoſe, who firſt begun
The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be but the Saints,
Thoſe Reformation-Termegants?
But ere this paſt, the wiſe Debate
Spent ſo much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver *had gotten Ground,*
T' encloſe them, with his Warriers, round:
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophiſts out.

Nor had the Uxbridge *bus'neſs leſs*
Of Non ſence in't, and ſottiſhneſs,
When from a Scoundrel Holder forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o'th' Earth,
Your Mighty Senators took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t'withdraw;
And ſacrifice the Peace o'th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe and Application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe, and Monies:
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid:
Came in at laſt, for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church,
Th'had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y'have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:

Which

Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but He can bring in you.
And if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Intereſt, and betray.

Not that I think thoſe Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times:
Are leſs ingenious in their Art,
Than thoſe who dully act one Part;
Or thoſe who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wiſe Man's Home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome,
Who Change them for the ſame Intrigues
That Stateſ-Men uſe in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths *and Troths,*
Look odd, as in Out of faſhion'd Cloaths:

And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd like stoln delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;

And

And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w'are ſure to prop our own:
Your conſtant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Senſe, and Outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, all Courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How?
Tis true! w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the laſt Reaſon of all things.
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that way;
As long as Men have Faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well.

Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice,
T'expose to Sale; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more:
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.
For, when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chousts?
Who see but th' out-sides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights;
And while th' are busie at their ease,
Can carry what Designs we please:

How

How eaſie is't to ſerve for Agents,
To proſecute our old Engagements?
To keep the Good Old Cauſe on Foot,
And preſent Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with falſe Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's *Wounds too wide*
For healing up of Side to Side.
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt Concerns,
For both their Intereſts, by Turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd)
For, if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other Means,
To ſtand upon our own Defence;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:

To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Venters,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them joyn again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
And only among themſelves Converſe.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religions in and ſtickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conſcience,
And Spiritual Miſ-rule, in one Senſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:

And

And ſtand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emiſſaries, impow'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back,
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Seaſon,
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Bleſſed Time ſhall come,
Of quitting Babylon *and* Rome,

They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fift-Monarchy, *once more;*
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt Revolts of Providence;
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if Succeſs could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miſcreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.

Theſe are the Courſes we muſt run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our Necks.
But do your Work, as out of ſight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In oppoſition to the Crown.

And

And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The Head and Body to divide;
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be ſure to ſpare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſie to ſupplant
Authority, as Men in want:
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vaſtly, by their Joint-Endeavour;
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver:
And what the one, by tricks, fore ſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, Retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T'improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And great Diana *of the Epheſians:*
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.

And though ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a Courſe;
And draw in ſtore of Cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For, all Religions flock together,
Like Tame, and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects:
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, Hypocriſie, as well,
Will ſerve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Perſecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Buſineſs, like ill Watches, go,
Sometime too faſt, ſometime too ſlow:
For, things in order are put out
So eaſie, Eaſe it ſelf will do't.
But when the Feat's deſign'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event?

For 'tis more eaſie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
The Weighty'ſt Matters to divert:
Obſtruct, Perplex, Diſtract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of leſs Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.

But ſtill be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:
The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt Deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted Nation.

Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I'th' proper Language of Cabals:
Where all a ſubtil States-man ſays
Is half in words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of Mum and Silence, and the Roſe
To be Retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſie credulous to diſperſe.

Thus far the Stateſman. When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out,
And ſtrait another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That beaſtly Rabble,——that came down
From all the Garrets——in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards——in vaſt Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills,——and ruſty Arms,
To cry the Cauſe——up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops——out of Door;
Are now drawn up,——in greater Shoals,
To Roaſt——and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees——of our Members
Are Carbonading on——the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgeſſes——
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geeſe.
That ſerve for Characters——and Badges,
To repreſent their Perſonages.
Each Bone fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roaſt, and Scorch, and Broil;
And every Repreſentative
Have vow'd to Roaſt——and Broil alive;

And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already ſacrific'd Incarnate.
For, while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are Grylly'd all at Temple-Bar:
Some, on the Sign-poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to perſonate
Reſpective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Liſted under Dun;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen;
(For, ſince the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's liſted in't.)

This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th'have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts:
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largeſt Bonefire riding,
Th'have roaſted Cook *already, and* Pride *m.*
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Taliſmane,
Like Vermine in Effigie ſlain.

But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but the Tail o'th' Beaſt;
Set up by Popiſh Engineers:
As by the Crackers plainly appears:

For, none but Jeſuits have a Miſſion,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
Theſe Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns,
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines;
And with unanſwerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, diſpute their Quarrels:
Now take a Courſe more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Diſguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin, and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground.

Nor have they choſen Rumps amiſs,
For Symbols of State-Myſteries;

Though

Though ſome ſuppoſe, 'twas but a ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, The Few:
Who, 'cauſe th' are waſted to the Stumps,
Are repreſented beſt by Rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far fetches:
And from their Coptick Prieſt, Kirkerus,
Found out this Myſtick way to jear us.

For, as the Ægyptians us'd, by Bees,
T' expreſs their Antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtil Animals
Bear all their Int'reſts in their Tails;
And when th' are once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their Well-order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were beſt,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps, expreſt.

For, as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their Courſes with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The ſame thing with the Stern and Compaſs.
This ſhews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungril State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers.
That Hors'd us on their Backs to ſhow us
A Jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' Rump of Man, of ſuch a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt Great Day,
All th' other Members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All ſorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, *juſtly ſtile that part.*

Then what can better repreſent,
Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament?
That after ſeveral rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Reſurrections;
With new Reverſions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Diſtreſs,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedneſs:
Worſe than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Reſtauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Eſtabliſh, or Revoke;
Whoſe Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluſter of whoſe Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to, by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.

Had

Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, ſome of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can diſcharge:
And others who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt:
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jail;
And bleſs the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worſe Terms.

This ſaid, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout:

Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As Horſes do, from thoſe that bear:
But crouded on, with ſo much haſte,
Until th'had block'd the Paſſage faſt;
And Barricadoed it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches:
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a Cripled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still preſſing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlone Rere;
But born down head long by the Rout,
Were trampled ſorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As leſſer Pains are, by the Gout,

Reliev'd 'em with a freſh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a Tuſcan Running Horſe,
Whoſe Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But firſt reſolves to try by Letter,
And once more, fair Addreſs, to get her.

WHo would believe what ſtrange *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it ſelf, of *Fears?*
That ſpring like Fern, that Inſect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;

And have no poſſible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their *Imps and Teats*:
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their *Nurſeries of Elves*.
For fear does things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,
Sets up Communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Roſi-cruſian Virtuoſo's*,
Can ſee with *Ears*, and hear with *Noſes*:
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſuppli'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark *ſee Viſions*,
And hag themſelves with *Apparitions*:
And when their Eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubt'leſt Objects beſt.
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Courſe of Nature, but its own:

The Courage of the Braveſt daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th' are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like Lions Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue:
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal-Legion's Regiment*;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himſelf and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjurer*:
As by the Rules o' th' *Vertuoſi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poſie*.

Diſguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blind-Man's Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear, of *Night and Day:*
Who took his dark and deſp'rate Courſe,
He knew no better than his Horſe;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whether) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs Capacity of Speed:
Diſabled both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly, and run away, *his beſt*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer ſide:
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horſe*;

And when the Hackney Sails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)
So though he poſted e'er ſo faſt:
His Fear was greater than his *Haſte*:
For Fear though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And ſhift *t'another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new Officious *Shade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid:
And forc'd him from the Foe t'eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf to *Ralpho's ſhape*;
So like in *Perſon, Garb and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t'interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t'unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.

And while he gave himſelf Diverſion,
T' accommodate his *Beaſt and Perſon*;
And put his *Beard* into a poſture,
At beſt advantage to accoſt her:
She order'd th' *Antimaſquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforeſaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, amongſt the reſt,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* gueſt:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf.
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man:
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's ſtead;
And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part.
With undiſtinguiſhable Art.

They

They might have done ſo now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out.
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some buſie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, quoth he, *I'm none of thoſe*
Your Boſom Friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But Ralph *himſelf, your truſty Squire,*
Wh' has drag'd your Dunſhip out o' th' Mire;
And from the Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beaſt, have freed you,
And, though a Priſoner of War,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Presbyterian way.
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) *and ſtranger:*
Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, *Th' Infernal Conjurer*
Purſu'd and took me Priſoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I in Hugger-mugger hid:
Have noted all they ſaid and did:
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not ſee him, not his Agent;
Who plat'd their Sorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond Fight.

But, didſt thou ſee no Devils then?
Not one, quoth he, *but Carnal Men.*
A little worſe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, Jezabel;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your Depoſition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?

A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parſon's Gown:
Whom all the Pariſh takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it.
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conſcientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked Truth of all the reſt:
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Helliſh Fear?*
Quoth he, *I knew your conſtant Rate,*
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:

And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit.
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good.
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*.
And gives the deſperat'ſt Attack
To danger, ſtill behind its Back.

For, having paws'd to recollect,
And on his paſt Succeſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What elſe, it could be ſaid, he fear'd?
It put him in ſo fierce a Rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſt like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Diſdain.*

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardiſe*
That made me from this Leaguer riſe;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe.
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To ſlight my new Acqueſts, and run
Victoriouſly, from Battels won.

And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt.
To make me put my ſelf to flight;
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durſt never have perſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe.
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might the unequal Fight renew.
And, to preſerve thy Outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, *I did, 'tis true,*
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Pow'ring Tubs:

To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Than mannaging a Wooden Horſe:
Drag'd out through ſtraiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain:
But ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranſome;
And reſcued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled and unhors'd:
Diſarm'd, unqualified for Fight;
And no way left, but haſty Flight.
Which, though as deſperate in the Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re inforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unſeaſonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to ſurprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards,
As Gameſters tear their loſing Cards.
Beſide, our bangs of Man and Beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but Reſt.
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable.
And therefore I with reaſon choſe
This Stratagem, t' amuſe our Foes.
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure Defeat:
For, thoſe that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which ſome Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.

And

And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoyl.
Is held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt:
That ſpares the Expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution;
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their braveſt Men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:

For

For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, in th' Victory:
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun:
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame:
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire works, and with Bells:
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,

And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For thoſe who run from the Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly.
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not paſs in Fights,
Has done the Feat with eaſie Slights.
Recover'd many a deſp'rate Campain,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy *and* Champain.
Reſtor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ.
And made them ſtoutly overcome,
With Bacrach, Hocamore and Mum:
Whom, the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan-Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, *I underſtand*
What Fights thou mean'ſt at Sea and Land;
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the Rabble ſouc'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
Tis true, our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far;
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unleſs it be to Herds of Cattel:
Or fighting Convoys of Proviſion,
The whole deſign of the Expedition.
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting in all Beaſts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,

To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to death,
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine.
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forrage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to Advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rere:
And forc'd with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance,
To pick out Ground to incamp upon
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriers.

Where both from ſide to ſide may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep.
For Men are found the ſtouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted.
And therefore poſt themſelves in Bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold;
But who bears Hunger beſt, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving:
But he that routs moſt Pigs and Cows,
The formidableſt Man of Proweſs.
So, the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh Sea;
Took Crabs and Oyſters Priſoners,
And Lobſters, 'ſtead of Curaſiers
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buſtles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muſcles:

And

And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops.
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, *by all that you have ſaid,*
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe:
To hope by ſtratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to ſubdue her.
Though ſome have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As thoſe, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:

And ſtout Rinaldo *gain'd his Bride*
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince theſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Miſtriſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes, to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe ſ' infeſible
As this of force to win the Jezabel.
To ſtorm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord.
Beſides two more of her Retinue,
To teſtifie what paſs'd between you.
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:

For which ſo many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after:
Beſides, Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than thoſe in War.
In which the Law does Execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:
Has more of Honour in't ſome hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old.
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead.
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.

Is Judge of all the World performs,
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatſoe'ers atchieved in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;
For whether you Prevail or Loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe.
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun,
What you muſt truſt to, ere y'have done.

The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as ſafe, recover:
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your Bride.
And put her Perſon, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like beſt int' your hands.

For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages
And Manag'd by the ableſt Sages,

Who

Who though their Bus'neſs at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th'ingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans.
They never manage the Conteſt,
T'impair their publick Intereſt;
Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe and Side,
And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
As th' outward Man is to the Inward;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than to argue at their own expence.
But make their beſt Advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the Swiſs,
And out of Foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their Purſes.

But have no int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned Clerks, and Sages.
Though all their buſineſs be Diſpute,
With which they canvas every Suit;
Th' have no diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert.
While all Profeſſions elſe are found,
With nothing but Diſputes t'abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The Galleniſt, and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in.
Anotamiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle,
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams;
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes.

And

And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago,

But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation:
Or make the buſie Rabble Judges,
Of all their ſecret Piques, and Grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.

Beſide, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and Increaſe:
For what Bigot durſt even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools.

And

And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Anſwers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Anſwer ye.
And ſoon Reduce you to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,
To Edifie by *Ralpho*'s *Gifts*:
But in appearance cryed him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All *Plagiary*'s Conſtant Courſe
Of *ſinking*, when they *take a Purſe*)
Reſolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution, as his own.

Quoth

Quoth he; *This Gambol thou adviſeſt,*
Is of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence.
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My Suit and Title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;

What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be Reliev'd;
Is fillier than a ſottiſh Chews,
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his houſe;
Applies himſelf to Cunning men
To help him to his Goods again.

When

When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain, by fair means, worſe:
But worſt of all, to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But ſince I have no other Courſe,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worſe:
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill;
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel *reſolves to ſue:*
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably, firſt with him.

For

For I've reciev'd Advertiſement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' advantage of the buſineſs gains.
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver
The other nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his place:
And for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counſel, to adviſe
Which way t'encounter or ſurprize.
And after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th'occaſion;
Moſt apt, for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too.

And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.

An *Old dull Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewel dock*.
At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hickſes Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockſius* play'd in all;
Where in all *Governments, and Times*,
H' had been both *friend* and *foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining:
By *hindring Juſtice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore *gave Priviledge*,
And whip'd, for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart loads of Bauds, to Priſon ſent
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a truſty *Pimp* and *Croney*,
To *Puddle dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the *Conſtable* to ſeize
All thoſe, that would not break the Peace.

Nor

Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes *Commoners, or Lords:*
And kept 'em Priſoners, of Courſe,
For being *ſober at ill hours.*
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over, for his Fee.
Made *Monſters fine*, and *Puppet-plays*,
For leave to practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a ſhare,
With th' *Headborough, and Scavenger*,
And made the Dirt ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The *Kennel*, and *the King's High-way*,
For being unmoleſted, Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping Poſt*,
And Cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *Falſe Weights* on *Chandellers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.

But

But was a kind and conſtant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend:
As *Reſidentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive ſtoll'n Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Myſteries*,
And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees*;
But was implacable and auker'd
To all that *Interlop'd*, *and Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counſel, in his *Law-Affairs*;
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for ſhew,
Like *Neſt eggs*, to make *Clients lay*
And for his falſe Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd.

And to assure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd——Very well.
And now he brags, t' have beaten me.
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a Wall
Where e'er he meets me——*best of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I rob'd him——*Well done in troth.*
When h' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took,
Which was the cause, that made me hang him,
And take my Goods again——*marry hang him:*
No, whether I should, beforehand
Swear he rob'd me? I understand,
Or bring my Action of Conversion
And Trover for my Goods? Ah Whorson.

Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial? ——Right,
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him? ——*True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Caſe, has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe th' Action ——better ſtill.
Then there's a Lady too.——I marry,
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary.
A Widow, who by ſolemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all——Good Lord,
Suborn'd the aforeſaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell.
Who put m' into horrid fear,
Fear of my Life,——make that appear.
Made an aſſault, with Fiends and Men
Upon my body.——Good agen.

And

And kept me in a deadly fright
And falſe Impriſonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,——worſe and worſe;
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame,
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Caſe, I'd give,
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe.
I would ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'ld make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,

That you as ſure, may Pick and Chooſe,
As Croß I win, and Pile you loſe:
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much, in Ready Maintenance;
As upon any Caſe I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law ſeverely contrabands,
Our taking buſineß, off Mens hands;
'Tis Common barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'againſt our Ears,
And crops them, till there is not Leather,
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, ſome do the Summer ſault
And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Juſtice here
A Witneß is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:

(I thank

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat———)
For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide enclin'd
Like charity, elſe right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And like blind Fortune, with a ſlight,
Conveys Mens Intereſt, and Right,
From Stile's Pocket, into Nokeſes:
As eaſily as Hocus Pocus,
Plays faſt and looſe, makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius-Doctius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your Wife:
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters Paſs,
The Buſineſs to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it look's upon.
And you can want no Witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe.

That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labor of their Conſciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for Jury-men, or Tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators:
For that, quoth he, *let me alone,*
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, *But I ſhould gueſs,*
By weighing of Advantages.
Your ſureſt way is firſt to Pitch
On Bongey, *for a Water-witch:*
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
T' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Interim; Spare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Banes:

Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets,
With Trains t' inveigle and ſurpriſe,
Her Heedleſs Anſwers, and Replies:
And if ſhe miſs the Mouſtrap-Lines,
They'll ſerve for other By-Deſigns:
And make an Artiſt underſtand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To ſteal in ſomthing to Intramp her.
'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of heart, ſhe has indow'd ye.

Retain all ſorts of Witneſſes,
That ply ith' Temples, under trees;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Poſts:
About the Croſs-leg'd Knights, their hoſts,
Or wait for Cuſtomers, between
The Pillar-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.

Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'r fail
T'expoſe to Sale, all ſorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths,
Their only Neceſſary Tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their Souls.
And when y'are furniſh'd with all Purveys,
I ſhall be ready, at your ſervice.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A ſtraw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirabler skill
To Wind, and Mavage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and ſteer a Cauſe,
Againſt the Weather-gage of Laws;
And Ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain, as Noſes upon Faces.
As you have well inſtructed me
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee,

I long

I long to practice your advice,
And try the ſubtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter, as you did,
A: not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

An Heroical Epiſtle of Hudibras *to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cæſar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exerciſe in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Graſs with Cattel*.
For ſince I am deny'd acceſs
To all my Earthly Happineſs;

Am

Am fallen from the *Paradiſe*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*.
Loſt to the World, and you, I'm ſent
To Everlaſting Baniſhment;
Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my juſt defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd '*tis true*;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the caſe
Between the *Noble*, and the *Baſe*:

Who

Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cauſe,*
To ſalve in Honour *ugly Flaws.*
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe, who are niceſt of their Honour.
The other, for *baſe Gain,* and *Pay,*
Forſwear, and *Perjure, by the Day;*
And make th' expoſing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Conſciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal,* nor *Aſperſion,*
Upon a *Great and noble Perſon,*
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old faſhion'd trick, to keep his Word
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.
For to be able to *Forget,*
Is found more uſeful, to *the Great:*

Than

Than *Gout*, or *Deafneſs*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *juſt*, that does exempt
The *Guilty, and puniſh the innocent*,
To make the Ears, repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of Law recover mine;
You're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Ladies ſake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at *Stake*,
Does not ſo much deſerve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own:

But ſentence, what you rather ought
T' eſteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Beſides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Senſe*, the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the Senſe by Cuſtom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do,
Nor are th' obliged to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,
For as the beſt temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So trueſt Oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking proof*.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b'allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conqueſts, ſo *ſhould Loves*,

And

And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt, that prevails,

For how can that which is above
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit its great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the ſubject of a Caſe?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of *its Cauſe*
To any, but its own *Great Laws*?
Love, that's the Worlds preſervative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive,
Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*.
And gives Mankind a longer date.
The Life of Nature, that reſtores,
As faſt as *Time*, and *Death* devours.

To whoſe free gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heaven too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Intereſt of State in Heaven,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
To repreſent the *Joys above*?
Or who, *but Lovers, can converſe,*
Like Angels, by the Eye Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and complement by viſion,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce,
As thoſe Celeſtial Miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo *great an end?*
Or Heav'n it ſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits in a kind miſtake,
A Pardon for the offences ſake.

Or if it did not, but the *Cauſe*
Were left to'th injury *of Laws*,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no ſence of Love, or Hate:
That have no Paſſion of their own
Not pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as ſtrict:
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Jem*,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t'indulge a well meant fault.
For why ſhould he, who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs:
And met with nothing in return,
But Inſolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not

Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love Powder?*
And after *letting blood and Purging,*
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging?*
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins,* in the Night?
Inſulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard?
And when your Sex was foully ſcandled,
As foully by the Rabble handled?
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Guard?
When Horſes being *ſpurr'd* and *prick'd,*
Have leave to *kick,* for being *kick'd?*

Not

Or why ſhould you, whoſe *Mother Wits*
Are furniſh'd with all Perquiſits?
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nurſing Babies*, that *Lie in*?
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Againſt your Stratagems t'oppoſe?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes.
As *Pyrats* all falſe Colours wear,
T'intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to ſurprize us, ſpread
Their *borrowed Flags, of White and Red.*

Diſ-

Diſplay 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, *the Picts*:
And raiſe more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers leſs ſubtil Books*.
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towrs, and Curls, and Perriwigs*.
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Ny's Thankſ-giving-beard*,
Prepoſt'rouſly t' intice, and Gain,
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his Miſtris, but the more a Slave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd to obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.

Then when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withſtand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when Neceſſity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *your great Allie, and yours*;
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withſtood
By frail enamoured Fleſh and Blood;
All I have done unjuſt or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are thoſe Scandals I confeſt.
Againſt my Will, and Intereſt,
More than is daily done of courſe
By all Men, when th' are under force.

Whence

Whence ſome, upon the Rack, confeſs
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters pleaſe.*
But are no ſooner out of pain
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure, went:
All Mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what *Romance* can ſhew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover*,
And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Raviſhing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſiez'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *Forſwore* themſelves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the pains *t' addreſs* and *ſue*,
Nor plaid the Maſquerade to wooe.
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Prieſt*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to aſſiſt;
Not Lawyers, to *joyn Land, and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony:*
Before they ſetled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death departs:*
Nor would endure to ſtay, until
Th' had got the very *Bride*'s Good Will.

But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe,
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force.*
And juſtly made 'em Priſoners then,
As they have often ſince, us Men;
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckieſt of all Love's intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleaſure,
Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames*, at leiſure.
For, after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deſerves for ev'ry *Minute, more*
Than *half a Year* of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women firſt were made for Men,
Not Men for them.——It follows then,
Than Men have Right to every one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no Charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Courſe
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no *Injuſtice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Courſe,
As we take you, *for Bett'r or worſe*;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe:
For why ſhould every Savage Beaſt
Exceed his *Great Lord's Intereſt*?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?

Becauſe

Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women,
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T'encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin, they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault.

But

But, I forget my self, and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th'extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love, and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have so Sov'rein a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul*:
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too.
Both with an equal Pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest:
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)

I'll

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *ſwore*.
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, peruſing *this Epiſtle*,
Believ'd h'had brought her to *his Whiſtle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applauſe t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble diſtance, *to his wit*:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then ſeal'd it with *his Coat of Love*
A ſmoaking Faggot——and above

Upon

Upon a Scroll ——— *I burn, and weep,*
And near it ——— *For her Ladyſhip*;
Of all her Sex, moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle Hands preſent.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Leſſons how t'obſerve and eye her.

She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the Letter:
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt, her Sport.
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and leering Flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

The

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THat you're a *Beaſt*, and turn'd to *Graſs*,
Is no ſtrange News, nor ever was;
At leaſt, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound, *Replevin you.*
When both your *Sword, and Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th'Inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the Threds of *Figs and Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *ſingle Fight*,
Diſarm'd and wreſted *from its Knight.*

Your

Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks, close Prisoners.
Where still th' had Lain in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y'had falsely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two.*
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.

Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Courſe.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conſcience:*
But ought to fall to that Man's ſhare,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
Theſe are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you uſe,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting*;
Like ſturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but ſue for, might recover,
It is not hard to underſtand
The *Myſt'ry* of this Bold Demand:

That

That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

'Tis not *those paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false St. *Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds*;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which, in our Cabinets we Lock.

'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
The *Periwigs you make us wear*:
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests,
That light the Wild Fire in your Breasts.

Theſe Love tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
Their *Myſtick Cabals, and Jargones.*
Can tell what paſſions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds.
What Raptures fond, and Amorous
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my Houſe.
What *Exſtacy*, and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Mony, in my Name.*
What from th' unnatural deſire
To *Beaſts* and Cattel, take its fire.
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *thouſand Pound a Tear.*
And Languiſhing Tranſports are fond
Of *Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.*
Theſe are th' Attracts which moſt Men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal.
Totheſe th' addreſs with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Maſquerades*;

And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To *have and t' hold, and to enjoy*;
That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour loſt*,
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Poſt*.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love:
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of Mankind ſtudy't as an Art.
For Love ſhould, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' *owner of the Land*:
And where there's Subſtance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter Baſis
Of *Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces*:
Which is of ſuch thin Subtilty,
It ſteals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again *as nice a way*.

But

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stons*;
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love.*
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*,
With which a *Philter Love Commands*?
This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Childrens Love;
That force 'em t' *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*
Caſt *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *For Better, or Worſe*:
For Money has a Power above
The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:

Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And though some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names;
Who, many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames;*
And *woo, and contract, in their Names.*
And as they *Christen*, use to marry 'em,
And, like their *Gossips*, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But sell and *prostitute* for Mony.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing;
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
's told, 'tis never to be done.

No

No more than *Setters can betray,*
That tell what *Tricks* they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break,* or *bow:*
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure,* when they do but *woo?*
Such as, beforehand, *ſwear and lye,*
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery:
And, rather than a Crime confeſs,
With greater, ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt.
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the Wretches come to dye,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
Nor are the Vertues, you confeſt
T' your *Ghoſtly Father,* as you gueſt,
So ſlight, as to be juſtifi'd,
By being, as ſhamefully, deny'd.

As if you thought your Word would paſs
Point-blank, on both ſides, of a Caſe,
Or Credit were not to be loſt,
B'a *Brave Knight Errant of the Poſt.*
That *eats*, pefidiouſly, his *Word*,
And *ſwears his Ears through a two Inch Board:*
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown;
And perjure Booty, *Pro and Con.*
Can make the *Goſpel* ſerve his turn,
And help him out to be forſworn;
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiſs'd,*
To be betray'd, and ſold, like Chriſt.

Theſe are the Vertues, in whoſe Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all Women.
Of whom, no leſs will ſatisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To govern ſuch a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wiſe* and *Great* as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to ſubdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſlight.
For, when we find y' are ſtill more taken
With falſe Attracts of our own making;
Swear that's a *Roſe*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:

And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts:
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those *Master strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*.
Which, when th'are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excell.

How fair and sweet *the planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For, without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Or Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds:
How dull and rugged e'er 'tis Ground,
And Polish'd, looks a Diamond?
Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.

The

The whole World, without *Art* and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Deſign*,
Leave *Art* to *Poliſh*, and *Refine*.
Though Women firſt were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them again:
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man firſt turn'd *Tenant*, but, *for Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are *in Debt*.
Then where's your liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boaſt*,
And falſly *uſurp'd*, or *vainly loſt*,
Is now our Right; to *whoſe Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Reſtoration*.

And

And if we had not weighty Cauſe
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in ſpight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow, Formal Politicks*;
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You baſely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your ſelves our Slaves.
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int'reſts own;
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers:
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common *Mariner*:

Knew

Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*;
And did not guide the *Man of War.*
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the Mighty *Preſter John*,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon;
But is preſerv'd in *Cloſe Diſguiſe*
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes:*
W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unſeen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* Men:
And, in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or *Joan the Pucel*'s braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim.
Who, though a *Spinſter*, yet was able,
To ſerve *France* for a *Grand Conſtable.*
We make and execute *all Laws*;
Can *judg the Judges*, and the *Cauſe.*
Preſcribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue:*

'Gainſt

'Gainſt which the World *has no Defence*,
But our more *pow'rful Eloquence*.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State*.
Are Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway *all Nations* how they pleaſe.
We rule *all Churches*, and *their Flocks*,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O'th' *Spirit, in all Conventicles*.
By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd*.
For, nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we ſell*.
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
And make Men do what we judge fitting:
Are Magiſtrates in all great *Towns*;
Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns*.
We make the *Man of War ſtrike Sail*,
And to our braver Conduct *vail*.

And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an *Officer of State,*
Untimely raiſ'd; or *Magiſtrate,*
That's *Haughty, and Imperious*?
He's but a *Journy-man* to us.
That, as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out.*
We are your *Guardians*, that *increaſe,*
Or *Waſte* your Fortunes, how we pleaſe.
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, *ill or well.*
'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *Heirs* ſhall be your *own.*
To whoſe Integrity you muſt,
Inſpight of all your Caution, truſt.
And 'leſs you *fly beyond the Seas,*
Can fit you with what Heirs we pleaſe:
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Iriſh Foot-men.*

Nor

Nor can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe.
Who, ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd:
And ſcorn t' abate, for any Ills,
The leaſt *Punctilio of our Wills.*
Force does but whet our Wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat.
For, when y' have try'd *all ſorts of ways,*
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our ſtead,
And have your Brains beat our o' your Heads:
Encounter in deſpight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appeaſe.

Kill

Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and beſt Thoughts;
To do your Exerciſe for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your Projects are prepoſtrous,
To ſquare the Circle of the Arts;
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we ſee Cauſe.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And ſtand for us in all Engagements.
And theſe are all the *Mighty Powers*,
You vainly boaſt, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Becauſe your ſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's Pride:

Believe

Believe we have as little Wit
To be *Out-hector'd*, and *Submit*:
By your *Example*, lose that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*,
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salick Law*,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty* Race.
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were *the better Women*.

FINIS.